I Am Waiting For The Master

1. I am waiting for the Master, Who will rise and bid me come.

2. Many weary paths I've traveled, In the darkest storm and strife.

3. Many friends who traveled with me, Reached that portal long ago.

4. Yes, their pilgrimage was shorter, And their triumph sooner won;

To the glory of His presence, To the gladness of His home.
Bearing many a heavy burden, Often struggling for my life.
One by one have left me; battling With the dark and crafty foe.
Oh, how lovingly they'll greet me When the toils of life are done!

Chorus

They are watching, they are waiting
Waiting, waiting at the door; Waiting only, waiting only
Coming, All the loved ones, all the loved once gone before.

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